New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1920.

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By MAIL, including Postage, IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA:

	One Year.	Six Months.	One Month.
Daily and Sunday	$11.00	$6.00	$1.00
Daily only	8.00	4.00	.75
Sunday only	4.00	2.00	.40
Sunday only, Canada	6.00	3.25	.55
FOREIGN RATES			
Daily and Sunday	$26.00	$13.30	$2.40
Daily only	17.40	8.70	1.45
Sunday only	9.75	5.12	.85

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter

GUARANTY

You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—for if dissatisfaction results in any case THE TRIBUNE guarantees to pay your money back upon request. No red tape. No quibbling. We make good promptly if the advertiser does not.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news of spontaneous origin published herein.

The Lost Peace

The Adriatic controversy furnishes clear instruction of what is the matter with international relations. Time has given perspective to the dispute, and the world begins to see why, with the war ended, peace does not come.

The war laggards have intruded themselves as the chief mechanicians of the peace. The elements which deprecated resistance to Germany took charge as soon as hostilities ceased. Paris became packed with pleaders who argued that Germany must be satisfied first and who denounced as gross imperialists any who did not shout for peace without victory.

Clemenceau and Foch, Lloyd George, Haig and Beatty, Orlando and Diaz, Roosevelt, Pershing and Sims—all leaders who greatly contributed to inspiring soldiers and civilians—were attacked as suspects. Such might be good enough to do the rough work of overcoming the enemy, but were not to be trusted with peace making. President Wilson put himself at the head of the pure ones and appeared in Europe as the champion of ideas pleasing to Scheidemann and Erzberger, to Lenine and Trotzky, to the Sultan and to other friends of defeated militarism. Of course, those whose arguments are force did not get all they wanted, but they saved much out of the wreck.

President Wilson's ideas bear about the same relation to ideals as the doggerel of a poetaster does to poetry. To enforce peace there must be force. This detail was overlooked. Force meant an integration of power—an alliance among the nations which won the war and must safeguard the peace if safeguarded. Instead of apprehending this simple truth, the effect of the President's course was to destroy harmony and to introduce discord.

Those who were consciously or unconsciously pro-German or pro-Bolshevik said an alliance would re-establish the wicked balance of power principle. Not so; it would have created a preponderance of power.

Indeed, the President's policy makes a return to balance of power principles almost inevitable. Signs multiply of a new grouping of nations. One can foresee a triple alliance of Germany, Russia and Hungary-Austria, with border states forced to adhere through the pressure of their powerful neighbors. Over against this coalition France, Great Britain and Italy will be forced to unite.

The only shred of any genuine league to *enforce* peace is in the Anglo-French-American treaty, which the President takes no interest in having ratified. For the covenant league, so diverse in its constituents and so lacking in power, will obviously be merely a talking organization, a unanimous agreement organization, such as was the Hague league.

So the war was won, but so far as concerned providing any marked advance in the organization of the world the peace was lost. It was lost chiefly because the President did not know how to attain the objective he had in mind and would not let any one tell him. This is the big lesson of the Fiume quarrel.

Caillaux's Trial

Joseph Caillaux's trial is the last act in one of the notable melodramas of the war. Mobilization came in 1914 only a few days after the acquittal of Mme. Caillaux, tried for shooting Gaston Calmette, the editor of *Le Figaro*. That affair was practically taken out of the hands of the court by Caillaux, who, as witness and spectator, dominated the whole scene. Even then there were hints of his exceedingly close relations with powerful personages in Germany.

Caillaux went into the army as a paymaster, but was soon forced out of the service. Scandal of one sort or another dogged him. He had been one of the inner wheels in the unified Socialist party and his power in the Chamber of Deputies had always to be reckoned with. He stood behind Malvy, who was Minister of the Interior in several of the war Cabinets and who countenanced more or less the obscure journalists and agitators who were involved in the Defeatist movement.

Caillaux went to South America on some commercial mission. There he got into touch with German agents. Von Luxburg expressed great solicitude lest the vessel carrying him back to France should be torpedoed by a German submarine. He asked that Caillaux should be cared for in case his ship were held up under the rules of cruiser warfare. He also warned the German press to put a soft pedal on flattering references to Caillaux's statesmanship.

Later the crafty web-spinner went to Italy. Some of the important documents to be used against him were seized either in Rome or in Florence.

The charge against him is that of "having plotted against the external security of the state by maneuvers, machinations and intelligence with the enemy, tending to favor the latter's enterprises against France and her allies." Whether this charge can be established is not clear. But there is little ground to doubt that Caillaux contemplated coming to the head of the French Republic in case of Allied defeat. He was the one French political leader whom a victorious Germany would have been most pleased to deal with.

Who are Socialists?

The Judiciary Committee heard an expert witness when it listened to Morris Hillquit, who long carried the party under his hat, expound Socialist dogmas, tactics and history. Socialism is a philosophy, a religion, a lodge, a political party and a dozen other things, and so difficult to describe at one sitting, but America's socialistic high priest tried to do so.

Mr. Hillquit made it clear that in the Socialist mansion are many breeds — Regulars, Centrists, Left Wingers, Communists, Communist Labor, not to speak of divers subsects. Mr. Hillquit is a regular, and by successive expulsions of "undesirables" has kept his organization under control. Last spring the executive committee of the Regulars suspended 40,000 members, including the Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, Hungarian, South Slavic, Lettish and Lithuanian federations, and also the Socialist organization of Michigan.

Yet at an election for international delegates, after the house-cleaning, John Reed, now a Communist, received 17,235 votes, while Seymour Stedman, conducting the Albany defense, received but 4,729. As a candidate for international secretary the much admired Hillquit received but 4,775 votes to 13,262 for his opponent. The Communists and the Left Wingers say the Old Guard now numbers less than 25,000 and is a mere skeleton organization.

The chief cleavage is between those who countenance or urge the use of force and the moderates, who say the ballot should be given another chance. Many Socialists, depending on which company they are in, talk one way and then the other. This is one of the reasons why it is difficult to classify the Assembly Socialists. Officially they are Regulars, and thus entitled to their seats, but they have been known to applaud when "Red" socialism was preached.

Who are Socialists? The "Reds" seem to have the membership and the Regulars the organization and the party symbols. Yet it is necessary to distinguish. The Regular is within his rights, while the Communist or "Red" is a criminal anarchist, whose proper place is prison, not the Legislature.

Persecuting Károlyi

In October, 1918, a group of pro-Entente idealists, led by Count Michael Károlyi and Oscar Jászi, overthrew the Hapsburg monarchy and inaugurated the short-lived democratic republic. Now it is reported a charge of high treason has been entered at Budapest against Károlyi and his associates by Prince Louis Windischgraetz, a sinister figure of the *ancien régime*, now in the process of reviving. The charge is not new; it was first raised by Károlyi's own cousin in January, 1918, when that statesman's anti-German agitation endangered the Magyar junkers' war effort.

Károlyi and most of his friends are refugees in Prague, Vienna or Switzerland, and the demand for Károlyi's extradition has been refused by Premier Tusar of Czecho-Slovakia. So the Magyar government resorts to the expedient of inventing ordinary criminal charges to bolster up the extradition request. Károlyi is now accused of having, while in power, misappropriated state funds.

Now, whatever Károlyi's standing as a statesman, his personal integrity admits of no doubt. Far from misusing his office for personal gain, he sacrificed his entire vast fortune, one of the biggest in Continental Europe, in the cause in which he believed. He who before the war enjoyed a yearly income of over $1,000,000 is to-day living with his wife in a Prague garret amid utmost poverty. This is attested by the Czech newspapers as well as by American witnesses, among them Professor Philip Marshall Brown, of Princeton University, who has represented the United States government at Budapest.

That the Czecho-Slovak government will resist attempts of the Magyar reactionaries to get hold of the unfortunate Károlyi seems assured. But Huszár and Friedrich appear to shrink from nothing in their pursuit of revenge. Thus Vienna newspapers report that evidence has been uncovered concerning a Hungarian counter-revolutionary officer, dispatched with a false passport to Czecho-Slovakia on the errand of assassinating Károlyi. Even such an extreme step would be but in keeping with the general methods and principles of the present rulers of Hungary.

Too Soon to Tell

The reports upon the first month of prohibition are naturally conflicting. Some of the restaurants, notably those popularly known as the "red ink" resorts, where wine of the country was included in a moderately priced dinner, have the prohibition blues and see closing near ahead. Some of the brightest lights on Broadway, on the other hand, seem as bright as ever. What has been lost through the disappearance of liquor is being taken in through the sale of food; and viewing the current prices of provender in the hotels and restaurants, this is not difficult to believe. The high livers are still paying for their drinks—but they are not getting them. Certainly looking the city over there is no abatement of amusements or recreations. The all-night proceedings show some dimming, but they are a tiny item alongside of the huge success of the season for theaters, moving picture houses and hotels.

These early returns are interesting. It's a strange person who does not watch himself in the first weeks of the drought to see how he is standing it. But we think the wise folk are neither unduly elated nor depressed by these first consequences. There are obvious economic benefits of a prohibition law, if we can judge by past experience. If economics were all, there could hardly be two guesses. The ultimate questions go far deeper, and it may be a generation before they can be answered. For one thing, there is still the problem whether nation-wide prohibition can be enforced—a real dryness, that is. Will people bother to make home brew or will they not? If they do on a large scale, it is safe to say that prohibition is impossible of enforcement in the sense in which its advocates understand it. Even if they do not, there is the further question of how completely the public conscience will make the law effective. A large sum is asked to execute the law, and it will all be necessary, it is easy to believe.

So the only fair attitude for the public to take is that of waiting to see, in the mean time obeying the law as it stands upon our statute books. Any one who expects a swift regeneration of the human species is surely destined to disappointment. On the other hand, give the species time. It has been "wet" a great many centuries. It ought to have at least a few years in which to give dryness a fair and thorough test.

The Fraudulent Pacifists

One of the peculiar mental vagaries of the times is the assumption of those who serve German militarism in the livery of pacifism that those who fought Germany are such fools as never to see beneath the disguise.

For example, take the latest book of Andreas Latzko, the Austrian army officer who pretends to detest war and who writes sentimentally of its horrors. He arraigns militarism, and then, like others of his class, takes it for granted that all rulers, all governments, all peoples are equally within its grip. Thus he insinuates the favorite idea of the pro-Germans that the Kaiser was no worse than other rulers and the Germans not more to blame than other peoples in following him.

The next step is to imply that the Germans, merely victims of a common disease, were not afflicted as gravely as others. So Herr Latzko, making excuses for German bitterness, says of one his characters:

> "He had but to recall the first months to realize that a woman had every cause to tremble for her beloved in French captivity! With the hands of a veritable hangman the hate-maddened French staff surgeon had probed his wound and torn off his bandages. The attendants of both sexes had done their best to equal their commander in patriotic zeal."

Again, describing the feelings of a German nurse, Latzko says:

> "She had nursed and bandaged so many Frenchmen and had seen them suffer and die. They moaned and whimpered and complained; they were like weak and helpless children whom one could console and pity actively. But these strangers who lay in her church (wounded Germans) were not like sick children. They bore their sufferings with compressed lips and without complaint. They remained brave men to their last breath."

Noble, magnanimous, patient Germans! Cruel, vindictive and cowardly French! Germans began the war without reason; they invaded peaceful countries; they robbed and raped, looted and destroyed, deported and gassed. Yet they were not specially to blame!

It is easy to identify a pro-German pacifist—that is, a pacifist who is not a pacifist. He refrains from discussing the particular way the war began. When a man avoids this, when he assumes that a defender is just as bad as an assailant, he shouts what he is. These fraudulent pacifists are numerous in America. They are addicted to writing books and to conducting what they call "liberal" publications.

Judge them for what they are.

There should be a prompt and widespread response to the plea for $450,000 to meet the critical situation of the Jewish charities of the city. Hospitals, orphan asylums and schools are among the institutions in need. The great increase in living costs is the occasion for the shortage; and an increase in the salaries of trained workers and executives is the most urgent demand. Justice demands this increase, and without it valued and experienced men and women will be lost. The drive to raise this sum lasts until March 1. Contributions may be sent to Felix M. Warburg, William and Pine streets, New York City, chairman of the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.

Dr. Grayson denies the rumor that the President has had another relapse. But who is able to feel confidence that the truth is permitted to be told? As long as no examination of the White House patient by impartial experts is allowed it is impossible to form any opinion as to whether the President's inability to perform the duties of his office continues.

Never Such Streets

The Food District Pays Its Compliments to Mr. Hylan

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Street Cleaning Department promised on Wednesday to at least make an attempt to improve the condition of the streets in our section, which is usually called the food district.

It strikes me that the most important problem before the people today is the question of the high cost of living, particularly in so far as food is concerned, and if there is any section of the city that should receive attention from the Street Cleaning Department it is the food and produce district, but it has been absolutely neglected.

Never in the history of the West Side have the streets been so impassable as they have been in the last ten days. The loss in money is beyond conception. Eventually the consumer will have to absorb this tremendous loss, and the cause of it is nothing but an incompetent administration. No work of any kind has been done in this section except by individuals, notwithstanding that relief has been promised ever since last Wednesday.

We would like to have you send a representative to see the condition of Hudson Street, from Chambers Street north to Canal, and from Hudson Street to West Street. This is the section that distributes 99 per cent of the food products, and we venture to say that no one could accurately describe the condition of the streets.

Within three blocks yesterday the writer saw four horses that were going to be shot to put them out of their misery. If the Street Cleaning Department would spend one day in this section with a gang of men it would be of untold benefit, because, if the sewers were opened it would be of material help. However, we suppose the only thing to do is to grin and bear it until we can have an opportunity to obtain a more competent administration.

Covering an experience of twenty-six years in this neighborhood, the writer has seen storms much more severe than what we have had in the last month, but never have the streets been neglected the way they have been during this particular time.

BUTLER & SERGEANT, INC.
(Per H. V. Butler.)

New York, Feb. 14, 1920.

Zero in Tenth Street

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Street Cleaning Commissioner says he is "making efforts to continue the removal of garbage and ashes as usual." His efforts have had zero results in this neighborhood. No garbage or ashes have been carried off from this residential block, Tenth Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, since three days before the storm began. There are, therefore, nine days' refuse accumulated. If the inefficiency and lack of foresight of the city government are to expose us to pestilence as well as fire, what are we paying taxes for? TENTH STREET.

New York, Feb. 13, 1920.

No More College Presidents!

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read in The Tribune several letters about putting up the president of Columbia College as a candidate for President of the United States. Now, I'm not a politician—just a clerk, with a wife and three children—one of the middle class union fellows. I cast my first Presidential vote for a college president, to please my father. I am seven years older now, doing my own thinking, and when I read this college Presidential stuff I just ask myself, Why? Ain't eight years enough? W. B. G.

New York, Feb. 15, 1920.

Brotherly Love

(From The Detroit Free Press)

Reading the testimony before the Senate sub-committee investigating Mexican affairs, we are convinced that the Mexicans really love the Americans like brothers—as, for instance, Cain loved Abel.

The Conning Tower

Sing a Mirthless Madrigal!

Gone are gaiety and grace;
What's the use of further feigning?
Gleeless gloom supreme is reigning;
Sad the so-called human race!
Booze is banished and forever;
Yesterday returneth never!
Melancholy mirth we make
Who have not a dram to take!
Fancies fade and pleasures pall;
Life is like a funeral;
Sing a mirthless madrigal!

Mourn the merry day that's dead!
Send the solemn dirge a-rolling;
Set the gloom bells all a-tolling
For the booze that's banished!
Wear the weed, and hang the craping:
From the doom there's no escaping!
Thirstiness for evermore—
Living's but a beastly bore!
Hypocrites hold carnival;
Future loometh spectreal;
Sing a mirthless madrigal!

C. W. W.

Once upon a time a man entered a watchmaker's shop, to have his watch repaired. "When may I have my watch?" asked the man. "In about six weeks," answered the watchmaker. "Why the delay?" the man inquired. "There is a great scarcity of mainspring repairers," said the watchmaker.

And the man fared forth, and slipped and fell upon the pavement, which, owing to the scarcity of shovelers, was icy.

The man tried to telephone to the automobile service station, to get his car, which had been promised to him that afternoon, but the foreman told him that there was a shortage of mechanics and that he could not have his car for two weeks. It took the man twenty minutes to get the service station by telephone, owing to the shortage of telephone operators.

"Well," said the man, "the subway is crowded; the streets are replete with humanity; the restaurants brim with human beings. Surely the population is not dwindling."

And he went to his office and opened his mail. And it came to him, as in a vision, for he said, "I know what all these ex-watchmakers, ex-snow shovelers, ex-mechanics, ex-telephone operators are doing. They are in the publicity, or, as it used to be called, press agent, business."

"At 86th Street," writes C. C. M., "the parfit, gentil knight, before whom on achy feet I am standing, folds his newspaper and puts it behind him. At 81st Street he puts his glasses into their case and into his pocket. At 72d Street he buttons his overcoat. At 66th Street he grasps firmly his umbrella and packages. And at 23d Street—my station—he gets out."

Sir Oliver Lodge's last lecture in New York is announced. Still, a true believer in the Ouija board can find out what he is saying in Pittsburgh or Chicago.

It is a sweetly solemn thought that a milk shortage is of virtually no effect on the ice cream crop.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Mayor said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Commissioner,
And shed a bitter tear.

GILES.

Secretary Vance, of the National Clothiers' Association, relieves us ultimate consumers of the blame for high prices. They are, he says, the fault of labor. But we know well enough why labor gets such high rates, don't we?

After a Florida resorter poses for his photograph nine times and sends fourteen postcards saying "Wish you were with us," the day, it seems to us, is practically gone.

London Literary Notes

H. G. Wells wept each of the two times he saw "Abraham Lincoln."

John Hastings Turner told me his book, "Simple Souls," was based on his play of the same name. I asked why his play hadn't been done. He said they couldn't get a theater for it. I said what a shame that a play like "Simple Souls" should have to wait when so many rotten revues were filling the theaters. Turner laughed at this, and I discovered why later on; he's the sole author, part author, dialogue writer or filler-in of half the revues in London, and has made a pot of money at it.

The funniest thing that happened at the opening night of "Sacred and Profane Love" was Arnold Bennett pretending he was shy, as Viola Tree dragged him on the stage. He held up a deprecating palm to the audience, grinned a green grin, and shuffled away shaking his head. Miss Tree got him on again, and he went through his pantomime all over again. The play is a rotten, talky affair, and I'll bet it's a big success in New York.

St. John Ervine has dramatized H. G. Wells's book, "The Wonderful Visit," and after Wells had read the play he told Ervine he didn't like it much, and told him how he thought it ought to be done. Ervine replied: "You're describing your characters the way you'd write them to-day. I based my play on the book you wrote twenty years ago."

A. A. Milne is sick and tired of writing "whimsical" essayettes. He's busy on a real creepy detective novel.

P. W.

"Wilson's Friends Expect Quick End of Lansing Furore," is the World's headline; but Admiral Grayson and Mr. Tumulty may be wrong.

Not that it matters, but the opening of "Shavings" was synchronous with the performance of "The Barber of Seville."

The "block" party gives the New Yorker his first chance to see those who have been his neighbors for ten years.

The esteemed Evening World is running a department called "What to Do Until the Doctor Comes."

What shall we do until we get the telephone operator to call the doctor?

F. P. A.

THIS TIME IT LOOKS AS IF JONAH HAD THROWN THE REST OF THE CREW OVERBOARD

Books

By Heywood Broun

"Why," writes John Chandler, "do you print only such letters as defend 'Jurgen' and other immoral books? Do you want us to believe that you receive no letters of protest against those fellows who wallow in the slime of their own imagination? You may be interested to know, for instance, that I have read 'The Rainbow' of D. H. Lawrence, so highly praised in your columns by Gilbert Cannan, and that I found in it not once but many times the following lewd words"——

Mr. Chandler is correct in assuming that we receive some protesting letters against "Jurgen" and other books which our correspondents find immoral, and we would like to publish a certain number in the interests of fair play. The only difficulty is that almost invariably the letters which bring the accusations of indecency are much too filthy to be printed with propriety.

John Maynard Keynes in "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" proves himself a masterly worker in the art of characterization, and in the light of the most recent international developments he makes out a good case for himself as a prophet as well.

"If only the President had not been so conscientious," he writes; "if only he had not concealed from himself what he had been doing, even at the last moment he was in a position to have recovered lost ground and to have achieved some very considerable successes. But the President was set. His arms and legs had been spliced by the surgeons to a certain posture, and they must be broken again before they could be altered. To his horror, Mr. Lloyd George, desiring at the last moment all the moderation he dared, discovered that he could not in five days persuade the President of error in what it had taken five months to prove to him to be just and right. After all, it was harder to debamboozle this old Presbyterian than it had been to bamboozle him; for the former involved his belief in and his respect for himself.

"Thus in the last act the President stood for stubbornness and a refusal of conciliations."

Perhaps Mr. Keynes's estimate of Wilson is neither fair nor just, but its plausibility is extraordinarily persuasive. None of the President's critics in this country has ever hit him half so hard. But Mr. Keynes does not necessarily vindicate or support the conventional American attacks on the personality of the President. The reproach of longest standing which has been brought against Mr. Wilson by his fellow citizens is that he is "the scholar in politics." And Mr. Keynes finds his lack of scholarship one of his chief deficiencies!

"The first glance at the President," he writes, "suggested not only that, whatever else he might be, his temperament was not primarily that of the student or scholar, but that he had not much even of that culture of the world which marks M. Clemenceau and Mr. Balfour as exquisitely cultivated gentlemen of their class and generation."

Much of the criticism leveled against the President in this country took the ground that he was an autocratic idealist who prevented poor Mr. George and M. Clemenceau from visiting proper punishment upon Germany. Keynes, on the contrary, finds that he was a Don Quixote dealing with men much wiser than himself.

"To see the British Prime Minister," he writes, "watching the company, with six or seven senses not available to ordinary men, judging character, motive and subconscious impulse, perceiving what each was thinking and even what each was going to say next, and compounding with telepathic instinct the argument or appeal best suited to the vanity, weakness or self-interest of his immediate auditor, was to realize that the poor President would be playing blind man's buff in that party. Never could a man have stepped into the parlor a more perfect and predestined victim to the finished accomplishments of the Prime Minister."

Mr. Wilson's most bitter foes in this country have at least done him the honor to be furiously angry at him. The criticism leveled by the English author against the President is much more devastating. Keynes is sorry for him.

Probably we should have been able to guess that parenthood was a profession from the fact that the financial returns were so completely inadequate, but our realization of our professional status has been made complete only by the numerous books on child education which we have recently received. It is disturbing to find one's self a member of a profession for which he has never studied and in which he holds no degree. To be told from many printed pages, as we have been, that the formation of the character of H. 3d is completely in our hands gives us somewhat the same feeling which we might have if somebody should suddenly say: "Draw up a writ of mandamus," or "Remove the appendix!"

"Whether a child gets the right ideas concerning truth, honesty, unselfishness, temperance and all the rest of the virtues," writes James Phinney Munroe in "The Human Factor in Education," "depends on whether he is brought up in an atmosphere where truth is spoken, honesty and unselfishness are practiced, sobriety is exercised and the other virtues regarded."

That, it seems to us, is rather a large order. Sobriety is easy enough, but the possibility of slip-ups from the path of truth and unselfishness is positively overwhelming.

We realize that we will never be able to make ourself a perfect object of emulation. Slowly but surely the conviction is growing upon us that the only way we can satisfactorily fulfill our obligation is to take exactly the opposite tack and perform the difficult, but not impossible, feat of practicing none of the virtues. If H. 3d is not to have a model of perfect conduct about the house, he should at least be permitted the inspiring sight of a horrible example.

But the most terrifying thing of all which we learn from Mr. Munroe's book is that the mind of a small child is so exceedingly impressionable that the parent should understand, among other things, "the æsthetics of clothing." We wonder just how much this implies. It served to remind us that we went about the house one day last month in a suit of clothes which had not been pressed, and just for that we suppose H. 3d will grow up with a total inability to appreciate the grandeur of Michael Angelo's figure of the young David. Fortunately, the warning came in time for us to save something out of the wreck. We have thrown away all the Christmas neckties. Thank heaven, H. 3d never saw them. He may yet mature to thrill at the sight of a summer sunset on the Grand Canal.

Sex and the Screen

A Defense of Movies as They Are Censored

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: An item in The Tribune, under the headline "Churchill Denounces Stage," has just come to our attention. From the clipping it appears that Thomas W. Churchill, formerly president of the Board of Education, denounced the stage and motion pictures in an address before the National Motion Picture League, at the Broadway Tabernacle, declaring that the majority of present-day plays and screen attractions depend for their popularity on "sensationalism and sex appeal."

The National Board of Review, a volunteer organization reviewing about 99 per cent of all dramatic pictures exhibited in this country and cooperating throughout the country with numerous groups and public officials having in charge the local regulation of motion pictures, is compelled to take issue with this sweeping statement. It is admitted that the motion picture, like the play, must deal in thrills if it is to make an appeal to the popular audience. But to present thrills upon the screen or the stage is certainly no crime. It is done in direct answer to popular demand. The great power of the motion picture is that it supplies thrill and romance to the great mass of people in whose lives the thrilling and the adventurous are singularly missing.

The pictures relieve a suppression. They allow people whose existence is drab to imagine themselves as heroes and heroines. Sensationalism may be quite as innocuous as matter-of-fact realism. To imply that sensationalism is necessarily related to indecency and unfitness for the mind of the general public is erroneous in a high degree. As for "sex appeal," the pictures are less culpable—if, indeed, the presentation of sex, the great fundamental in life, is culpable—than the press and the popular magazines. Aside from this, to attempt to divorce sex from drama or from any presentation or revelation of life is to take the motive power away from the vehicle.

Does Mr. Churchill remember that probably in no great play on the English-speaking stage or on any other stage, and in no great book in any language, has the element of sex been entirely subordinated or left out?

The gist of the matter is that opinions differ, and what may be objectionable to Mr. Churchill may be entirely unobjectionable to his neighbor, who is as well qualified to hold an opinion as Mr. Churchill. The criticism of the motion pictures is largely based on an attempt to define by rule of thumb what is moral and what is not moral. It is a mischievous desire to guard one's neighbor from influences from which one's neighbor in most cases does not wish to be guarded.

Mr. Churchill is further alleged to have announced that an inquiry is being made in the public schools of New York to determine just what effect motion pictures have on the minds of young children. In this connection it is interesting to note that an investigation recently carried on by the National Board of Review into the charge that the motion picture was responsible for a large proportion of juvenile delinquency conclusively proves that this is not the fact. The most experienced persons in the work of juvenile courts almost without exception have declared and gone on record that the screen's connection with the cause of juvenile error is practically nil.

WILTON BARRETT,
Secretary the National Board of Review.

New York, Feb. 13, 1920.